THIS PAGE MADE FOR AND BY T. D. C. C. MEMBERS.

Prize For Best Story on "Vacátion Time.

The children of the T. D. C. C. who note everything as it passes, are doubtless fully sensible of the arrival of summer and fully appreciative of the joys which come in summer's train.

For summer means vacation. It means long months of out-door life and enjoyment, when one gets education from a book, which Charlotte Bronte, a talented English authoress, called, when a child, the best book in the world, after the Bible, the wonderful, entertaining book

As the T.-D. C. C. members will be largely nature students for the months of July, August and early September, the member sending in the best illustrated story on "Vacation Time" next week will receive a prize. The other prizes will be given as usual.

The children's department in The Times-Dispatch is to be enlarged hereafter by the introduction of amateur Photography. Any member of the Children's Club having a Kodak, who will

after by the introduction of amateur photography. Any member of the Children's Club having a foolak, who will send in competitive pictures of interesting scenes, people and localities will be in jine for winning a prize to be awarded for the best picture of that kind.

Further details and rules will be published later.

CHILDREN'S PRATTLE.

At the rich merchant's there was a children and grand people's children were there. The merchant was a learned damand acree gone through the oblage examination, for his honeat father have been send industrious. Among the rest of the children was a groom of the father was a groom of the Glamber, and that is a very grind office, and she know it. Is an elid the others she was "well born." for one one that is not well bern can get same was Pertensen, and she know it. Is an elid the others she was "well born." for bone that is not well bern can get same mends with 'sen,' said she. 'they cannot be anything at all.' But the fittle daughter of the merchant became failer at this speech, for her father's name ended in 'sen.' and therefore she made and your papa can't do that.' "Yes, but my papa, and the the children, and your papa can't do that." "Yes, but my papa, said an author's little daughter," 'can put your papa acan buy a hundred dollars' worth of bombons and throw them to the children, and your papa can't do that." "Yes, but my papa," said an author's little daughter," 'can put your papa acan buy a hundred dollars' worth of bombons and throw them to the children, and your papa can't do that." "Yes, but my papa," said an author's little daughter," 'can put your papa said en little daughter," 'can put your papa said en little daughter," 'can put your papa said en little daughter, "can put your papa said en little daughter," 'can put your papa said en little daughter," 'can put your papa said en little daughter, "can put your papa said en little daughter," 'can put your papa said en little daughter," 'can put your papa said en little daughter, 'can put your papa said en littl

merry day within, and for him that was a great deal.

"Oh, to be one of them," thought he. And then he had heard what was said, which made him very unhappy. His parent at home had not a penny to hay at newspaper, much less could they write one, and worse of all, his father's name ended with "sen" so he could not turn out well. That was terrible. And that was done on that evening. And tree other children's The children of blood and of money, and of spirit and pride. Well, they had nothing wherewith to repreach each other. They turned out well enough, for they had been well dowered by bountiful nature, and what they had thought and spoken on that evening long ago was mere children's prattle.

Selected by PERCIE LANDRUM, Noels, Hanover Co., Va.

THE QUEST OF LAZY LAD.

Have you heard the tale of Lazy Lad,
Who dearly loved to shra.
For he "hated" his lessons and "hated"
his tasks,
And "hated" to have to work?
So he sailed away on a summer day,
Over the ocean blue,
Said Lazy Lad, "I will seek till I find
The Land of Nothing-to-do.

"For that is a jelly land, I know,
With never a lesson to learn,
And never an errand to bother a fellow,
Till he doesn't know where to turn,
And I'm told the folks in that splendld
place.

place.
May frolic the whole year through: For the Land of Nothing-to-do,

So Lazy Lnd he sailed to the west, And then to the east sailed he.

And he sailed north, and he sailed south,
Over many a league of sea,

And many a country fair and bright

And busy came into view.

But never, alas! could be find the coast
Of the Land of Nothing-to-do.

Then Lazy Lad sailed back again

Then Lazy Lad sailed back again.

And a wiser lad was he.

For he said, "Two wandered to every land

That is in the geography.

And in each and all I've found that folks

Are busy the whole year through.

And everybody in every place

Seemed to have something to do."

THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES

Once upon a time there was a mean king, who was locating out for somebody to kill him at any time.

One day he was talking with a man who was very poor. The man asked him, why he was so miserable all the time, and he told him that he was so mean the people did not like him, and he thought they would kill him at any minute.

So he asked the king to change places with him for a while.

Everything went on all right until din-

with him for a while.

Everything went on all right until dinner, and he saw a sword hanging over his head by a horse hair that was ready to fall at any minute, so he left his place, and went to the king and said that he had rather be poor than rich.

The king told him that was the way he was all the time.

LUCY EDMONIA DUNN.

No. 312 North Theory, Street.

No. 612 North Twenty-first Street

MY TRIP TO BELMAR.

The space of the state of the s



THE NATIONAL FLOWER.

"Come on, Nell, it is titae for bed.
Aren't you thred of reading so long?"
said Constance Boyd to Nellie, her
younger sister. Nelle looked up at the
clock on the muntel, "Have you finished
the letter Constance?" she asked with
n yawn.

n yawn.
"Oh, yes, I have finished the one to
Mrs. Plain, and I am half through a letter to Geraldine," answered Constance,
a tall girl of fifteen, with a wealth of
auburn hair and brown eyes.
"Sire enough?" asked Nell, gettling up
and putting her book into the book-

humor.

That morning at breakfast, Majorie, the waitress, spilled a cup of coffee on Coustance's new dress, "Oh, Majorie Mc-Nally! Just see what you have done." "Indade, Miss Consdence, I did not mean too spill the coffaa; faith and I didn't," excinimed Majorie in shame and fear.

Mrs. Boyd seeing the look of pain, said gently, "I know you didn't mean to do it, Majorie, but please be careful next time," "Yes." exclaimed Nell impatiently." If I was Con I'd made Miss Mc-Nally pay for ruining my new dress." "Nellie Boyd!" it was her father's voice, and it was stern. Nellie blushed, and nething more was said as to Marjorie. Constance or the dress.

The children went to school that morning, Nell sullen and impatient, and Constance, full of the thoughts of making a club.

a club.

At recess Nellic went off to herself, followed soon by her loving Stella Mar-That evening, Constance went home,

ate her dinner as quickly as possible and hurried up to her room. She changed her dress, arranged her hair and went down

"What are you sitting there for Con-stance Lucilla?" asked Nellic, passing by. "Waiting to receive my company," said "Waiting to receive my company," said Constance, assuming an important air, "Going to organize a club I suppose?" "Yes, dear, I'm to be the president, Nannie Reese, the treasurer, and we will decide on the secretary this afternoop. You can join also if you choose; but from your speech last night, I suppose —," but here Nellie interrupted, "You suppose I don't want to bother, and you suppose right, and she let the room, "So maughty and impatient," sighed Constance. decide on the secretary this afternoon. You can join also if you choose; but from your speech last night, I suppose — "but here Nellie interrupted, "You suppose I don't want to bother, and you suppose I don't want to bother, and you suppose right," and she let, the room, "So naughty and impatient," signed Constance.

Just then the door-bell rang, and on answering it, Constance found a group of girls.

"Come in girls, Nannie, Eliza, how do you do. And here is Lucille and Lucy and Blanche and Norah and Sadle, come to "see said usbeying them into the "see said usbeying them into the

you do. And here is Lucille and Lucy and Blanche and Norah and Sadle, come in," she said, ushering them into the After a while they were busy putting

down rules and deciding on secretary. At last Inez Rush was selected. "What shall we name the club?" was the next question

the next question.
"Sunbeam," cried Sadie.
"Flower Club," cried Norah.
"The Helpers," said Inez, Ianguidly.
"The Helpins Hand Band," said Elza.
"National Club," cried Blanche.
"Then, how about the "National Flower Club?" asked Constance, Then, each one said that it sounded nice, and that it suited. that it suited.

What flower do you like best for the emblem of our club" she asked Nannle, "Any flower will do," said Nannle, "Sunflower," cried Sunny Sadie, Every

"Sunflower," cried Sunny Sadie, Every one sniled, "Carpations," exclaimed Elza, "Roses," said Lucille, "Daisies," echoed Norah and Inez. The majority rules," said Constance, and as daisles were chesen, each girl approved of them.

"What good will the club accomplish," asked Nannie.
Ah! that was the question, After a

asked Nannie.

Ah! that was the question. After a long discussion it was decided that they should help the sick, poor and needy. When the crowd dispersed, each one went with their heads full of thoughts. Each child, who was found to shirk, or not do her duty, would be fined to cents. When all this was put together, they would buy flowers to take to the sick.

sick.

So all the summer long, the little band worked faithfuily, Nellie, the girl who said: "I won't bother with your Nationel Flower Club," became a loved member and only once did she put ten ceats into the treasury.

The daisy was carried among the sick and lowly, and although the sunflower, carnation, rose and so forth, would have graced the higher rank, the little daisy found its way into many hearts and homes.



THE GOLDEN ROD ENTERTAINMENT

"Oh, children: just think! Poor eld Katherine Jones can't pay the mortgage on her cottage, and they are going to turn her out. How can we help her?"

"Let's have an entertainment anoname of the her content to come in, and give her the money," said Mabel Gruy. "A golden rod entertainment, for we can get enough of that just a little way out in the fields to decorate the school room, and oh, we will get Paul Lane to recite for us General Cutcheon's beautiful little poem. "To the Golden Rod." Listen, it is lovely, and Paul recites beautifully:"

The poem:

TO THE GOLDEN ROD.

Hall to thee! flower of a people united, From ocean to ocean, fair child of the sun!

Sign of a union perpetually plighted, Hall to thee! symbol of many in one!

Single thy stalk, though many thy branches; Countless thy blooms as the waves of

On hills of New England, in glades of

the Southland; Where unfettered winds o'er the broad prairies run;

Everywhere fearless, fit mate for th Flower of the nation, the many in one.

Lift up thy head, golden flower of the

nation.

Bend while we crown thee bright child of the sun;

Semper ubique—e pluribus unum,

Beautiful golden rod, many in one.

"Some can say pieces about the characteristics of the golden rod. The girls must dress in white, with yellow sashes, and the boys must pin a spray of golden rod on their coats. May Lewis can say that beautiful piece on "Encouragement" and Harry, our last year's orator, can write a piece about a beautiful rield of golden rod waving its graceful golden plumes, and Lucy West, can speak about Hardihood, and Joe about Independence. Hardihood, and Joe about Independence, and I will end the evening by pointing out many useful lessons we can learn from the golden rod. Then we will all form a semi-circle and sing "My Country, "Tis of Thee." It will be a very fine

"Fis of Thee. It was thing:"

The grown felks approved of this idea and helped the children to carry it out. It proved a grand success, and they raised more than enough money to save old Cathy's cottage.

"Let's have the golden rod for our countries flower."

ROBERT E. BRUCE. JR.

THE HERO OF CHESTNUT HILL

Once a boy lived with a farmer. One Once a boy lived with a farmer. One day he went out to get the cows from the pasture. When he got to the farm, one of the cows was missing. It was too late to go back after her, so the next morning he went and found her. Her horns were hung in the chestnut bushes. After he had found her, he heard a heavy sound, so he left Daisy on the top of the hill, and went down to the bottom of the bill to see what made the heavy sound. It was the land slipping on the railread track. He didn't know what to do so he pulled off his coat and then

PERSEPHONE.

Listen! What a sudden rustle Fills the air! A'l the birds are in a bu tle Everywhere.

Such a ceaseless hum and twitter Overhead! Such a flag's of wings that glitter, Wide outspread!

Far away I hear a dromming -Tap, tap, tap!

Can the woodpecker be coming

After sap?

Sutterflies are hovering over (Swarms over swarms) Youder meadow patch of clover, Like snow storms.

Up and down are midgets dancing How their gauzy wings are glancing

This presaging stir and humming.
Chirp and cheet.
Mean? It means that spring is coming.

MARTHA BROWN.

313 North Adams Street, city.



THE GOLDEN ROD.

Why cannot the golden rod be accepted why cannot the golden rob a request as our national flower, for what flower does more to beautify our country? When all flowers have succumbed to "Jack Prost," the golden rod holds high its head above the dying flowers and grassee and the fields look like a golden

MARCELLA JONES.

MY PET COON.

I have a pet coon and his name is coonle. Well, now, I will commence his history, and I hope you will like it. We got him on a very cold March day,

father bought him from a man who

My father bought him from a man who had had him a rong time, but he commenced steading his chickens, so he sold him to my father.

My sister and myself brought him up to my room and there we let him out. Such a time he had; he got into my tags and turned them over, and they fell all over him. After father finished his dinner he came and put a cellar and chain on him.

The next day I went and made a box

A PRIZE WINNER.

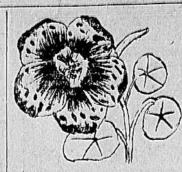




MOTHER HEN By J. Binford Walford

blooms give a lovely color to the rich auturn tims of the leaves of bushes in the background. No other country has it in all of its forms, and none bave, as yet, claimed it for their national flower. Most all other beautiful flowers must be cultivated to have an abundance, and then only the classes, and not the masses can cujoy them. It is different with the golden rod, rich and poor alike can have them for the gathering.

CARL SHERMAN, Bainbridge Street, Manchester, Va.



THE NASTURTIUM.

The nasturthum is one of the best anmul flowers. They are easy to grow, very pretty and have a very pretty leaf. They bear many flowers of almost any color. When dry spells come they are very good to stand them.

very good to stand them.
We have two beds of masturthums, and
they grow right along. They are good
for pickles when their seed pods come.
MARY SMITH LYNN. Scruggs, Va.

A GRAND SURPRISE.

Madge and Edith and Helen had plenty of dolls to play with. They had a baby house, a pair of tame rabbits une baloy house, a pair of the profiled hoop, played at keeping store and made mud ples. But better than anything else they liked to dress up in their Aunt Kato's dresses and play they were ladies. Aunt Kate did not like to lend her dresses, for they are the profiled by the played disty when returned to her. did not like to lend her dresses, for they were always dusty when returned to her, and sometimes were torn; and it was a good deal of trouble to put them on the little girls, for, of course, they did not fit, and the sleeves were too long. But the kind aimt did not knows how to refuse the children when they begged so hard.

"Make a train of my dress," Madge would always say; and then Edith and Helen would beg for train, too.

"I wish there were trains to your own dresses," said Aunt Kate; "then, perhaps, you wouldn't want mine so often."

"And we wish your dresses fitted us," said Madge. "All the walsts are too big."

said Madge. "All the waists are too big."

While the little girl was speaking, a bright idea came into Aunt Kate's head. Christmas was near at hand, and she had been wondering what she could give the children, for they already had more toys than they needed, Now, she knew just what to give them.

She was shut up in her own room near-beath day for two weeks, and kept the

She was shut up in her own room nearly all day for two weeks, and kept the door locked. The little girls could not guess what she was doing. But on Christmas morning they had a grand surprise. Under the stecking of cach child lay a big pasteboard box. Madke opened her's first, and found a lovely little dress of blue cashmere, which reached to the floor in front, and had a long train at the back. The waist was a perfect fit, and there was a little bonnet to match. Edith's suit was cardinal, and Helen's was pixt, and they had bornets, too. They could hard, with unit after breakfasts, so anxious were hey to dress up in their new clothes.

Answers to Conundrums.

1.—Because such a thing had never entered his head before a little brophet (profit) from the rushes on the bank.

2.—They saved a little prophet (profit) from the rushes on the bank.

4.—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

5.—Because his business makes him sell-field.

6.—Because the pressure makes him faitter.

7.—He rarely appears until the storm is over.

8.—He has such winning ways.

9.—Because words are always passing the mind.

By RAY BRITTLE, Wakefield, Va.

THE LITTLE GIRLS' PICNIC

"Oh! what a pretty day," said Susle Brown to her little friend, Mattie Willis,

MILDRED R. MARTIN, Stuart, Va.

MILDRED R. MARTIN, Stuart, Va.

In the back yard, and chained him in the yard.

One morning I was awakened by a knock at the door. I answered it; it was the cook. She said get up quick. Some one has your coon. I dressed as quick as I could, and went after him. I had not gone far before I found him.

I will have to leave out a little of the story, but not much.

CLARENCE BROWN,

CITY,

GOLDEN ROD.

The golden rod is a native in all paris of the United States, in nearly all of its forms. In the fall you can drive in any acountry lane and see the beautiful golden rod, fringing the roadside or fences. Its long sprays of soft yellow found, which their mother, leading them. They all went down to the summer house, Mattle, their mother, leading them house, Mattle, their mother, lending steam. Lelia Weldon was a young lady staying with Mattle. She and Mattle would go visiting and leave the children at some with Nellie, the nurse. They gave Nellie orders not to leave the house, nor let orders not to leave the house, nor let the children take any of their good things. As soon as they had left Susle ran off, and she would not come back. Nancy behaved very nicely. Mattle did not stay long. When she got there she found Susie gone. So she sent Nellie after her. Nellie brought her back, and her mother gave her a good whipping. They sat down at the table and ate all of the good things. After that they played a while, and then they went home tired and broken down,

ROBERTA WALLER.

MORNING GLORIES.

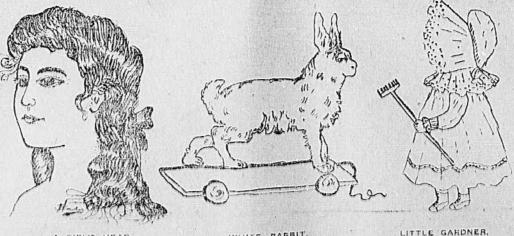
the background. No other country has it in all of its forms, and none have, as yet, claimed it for their national flowers must be collivated to have an abundance, and then only the classes, and not the masses can cripy them. It is different with the golden rod, rich and poor alike can have them for the gatherins.

"Golden rod gay, tell me i pray, where did you get your soft yellow har?"

CARL SHERMAN.

Of all of the heautiful flowers morning glorles are my favorite. They beautify every lome, and there are so many ways of using them. They may be trained to climb up the fences, walls of houses and various other ways. I am sure every little boy and girl loves them, especially for their exquisite odor, and the sweet honey put there by the busy little workers, "the bes." This mixture of honey and the sweet odor affords health to those who honer this dear plant or vine as it is usualy called, is usualy called, MARIE C. REDDIN.

1434 E. Main Street, city,



WHITE RABBIT A GIEL'S HEAD. By Minnie Pearson, Pearleburg, Va. Harold Cowles, Rochester, N. Y

By Helen Lograine, City.

CARNATIONS.

President McKiniey always liked to have carnations about him.

I think the people ought to change the national flower of the United States to carnation for McKiniey.

I think the carnation is one of the president flowers that grows.

I think I will plant some in my little flower garden this summer,

I think I will plant some in my little flower garden this summer,

I think plak and white carnations mixed are the president while carnations mixed are the president would go to Washington while McKiniey was living he would take a carnation off of his coat and give it to them.

With best wishes for the T. D. C. C. Respectfolly,

Respectfully, FLCRENCE JARRATT.

THE PUZZLE

LAST WEEKS PUZZLES.

Answer to Chrade-Mirror. Half Square. N·c·v·n·d·a E·r·a·t·o V·n·s·e¹ A·t·e

Rhomboid. No. 3—B-a-u d N-e-a-r F-r-o-m

E-t-y-n Answer to Conundrum-Chicago. Letter enigma: Answer-New York.

Answers to Conundrums. 1.—Because such a thing had never entered his head before.

2.—They saved a little prophet (profit) from the rushes on the bank.

3.—One minds the train, the other trains the mind.

4.—Becaus: it goes from mouth to mouth.

6-Because the pressure makes him

7-He rarely appears until the storm is over.

8-He has such winning ways.

9-Because words are always passing between them.

10-They are regular, irregular, and defective.

11-Because it is unlawful to convict a man without a hearing.

12-in the dictionary.

MARIAN H. HELLER.

Answer to the Riddle-The Whale.

Answers to Acrostic.

Answer to Sophistical Argument. A sheet of ruled paper is an ink lined (inclined) plane, an inclined plane is a slope up, and a slope up, and a slope HELLER.

THIS WEEK'S PUZZLES.

Charade. In North Carolina the beautiful first trees

grow; In Fennsylvania the second trees grow, stand row by row; In Cuba the exhole trees are seen. With their fruit among the leaves so

Acrostic.

Is a part of a grate.
 An interjection.
 A girl's name.

To locate. 5. Suffixes The primals and finals spell pleasure onveyances.

ROBERT SHERMAN.

Conundrums.

Conundrums.

1. Where was Humboldt going when he was thirty-nine years old?

2. Which is the most ancient of the trees?

3. Which are the most seasonable clothes?

4. Why are pen makers inciters to wrong doing?

5. Why is the letter R 4 profitable letter?

6. What three letters give the name of a famous Roman general?

7. What relation is that child to its father who is not its father's own son?

8. What tree is of the greatest importance in history?

MARY W. PRATT.

Buckingham, Va.

Missing Letters.

Missing Letters.

Let us go in and take —ea, because —
—a hungry. Let m— help you to —ome
tea. —o you want any bread? — do,
Plea—e hand me thut —le. Do h—ve some
of —his —ake. T—is kind is the best.
Here is some caramel —ake if y—u wa-t
any. —ake some ice c—eam w—ith your
cake. —ring in some more ice cream,
—ngd. —his — —angeade tu—te isn't
good. —lava. I certain—y did enjoy this
meal. , Yo— must take tea with me
sometimes. Good—ye; come to see me.
Fill out each space with a letter and
then put them together and you will find
a fine thing.

Missing Letters.

MARY S. LYNN, a fine thing. Scruggs,

Conundrums. What letters of the alphabet are the nost industrious? 2. Most extensive? Fondest of comfort?
 Most egotistical?

Greatest bores MARY DRINKARD. A Cake Puzzle.

What kind of cake would you te 6—
1. Politician?
2. Gardener?
3. Sculptor?
4. Carpenter?
5. Lover
6. Idler
7. Glover?
2. One who lives

Riddles. 1 How can a Scotch child be made to go eet grain? 2. How a little child can possibly grow

on his friends?

PRIZE WINNERS FOR LAST WEEK

PAINT BOOK CONTEST. Helen Hannon, No. 2002 E. Broad Street

NATIONAL FLOWER CONTEST. Robert E. Bruce, Jr., No. 4081/2 North Eighth Street, city.

PUZZLE CONTEST.

BIRD PAINT BO
Allen, 'Bessle
Allen, Nora C.
Anderson, M. J.
Allen, Marlon
Brown, W. M.
Coleman, M. K.
Carter, Burr N.
Comer, C. F.
Coxe, Jos. W. Jr.
Coulter, D. R.
Crutchfield, L.
Dunn, L. E.
Davis, Lee 'T.
Elam, Myrtle
Epps, G. L.
Eyans, Arthur
Orlegs, G. I.
Ganti, H. P.
Gary, C. H.
Gallion, Aubrey
Gallion, Flossle
Grace, Ceell
CORRESPONDEN Musselman, Pea Mende, C. K. McCormie, R. L. Martin, Mildred Neville, Marie

Allen, Nora C.

Allen, Robt, W.

Amory, A. G.

Wist, H. DeB. Wilson, Arthur Yarbrough, H. J CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBU-TORS. Gallion, Florate

Haskins, H. B. Amory, A. G.
Brittle, Roy
Brown, Martha
Brldges, Marie
Brown, Clarence
Bowman, Elizabeth
Bruce, R. E. Jr.
Burroughs, G.
Burwell, L. P.
Bottom, Raymond
Bechanan, Va.
Brown, Willie M.
Cawson, Franklin
Crenshaw, H. C.
Comer, C. T.
Coleman, M. K.
Clarke, Burleigh
Cowles, H. A.
Drinkard, Mary
Drinkard, Mary
Drinkard, Vera
Ergelberg, Meyer
Evans, Arthur
Fox, J. J.
Fox, Kate M.
Gracery Registry
Hubbard, L. D.
Hubbard, L. D.
Hubbard, L. D.
Hubbard, Emma
Kennedy, Louise
Lynn, M. S.
Lolliger, C. A.
Moore, Edna
Mosselman, Pearl
Martin, Mildved
Mar Hunter, Elsie Hubbard, L. D. Hubbard, S. H. Hopkins, Emma Musselman, Pearl Martin, Mildred B. Matthews, C. Pratt. Mary W. Pendleton. E. P. Richardson, Bessio Waller, Roberta Walker, L. M. Walker, John G. Walker, W. W.

Buried Writers.

City Puzzle.

1. To what city in Georgia should singers

4. To what city in Colorado should prin-To what city in Illinois should per-

niere po? 9. To what city in New York should bankers go? 10. To what city in Minnesota should

10. To what City in Minnesota should ministers go? 11. To what city in Minnesota should brickmakers go? 12. To what city in Pennsylvania should gumchewers go? B. ROBERT W. ALLEN, Jr.

OUR LITTLE MAID

she,
"And you is you, and I'm just me,"
Selected by HALLIE B. HASKINS.
Buckingham, Va.

October gave a party.
The leaves by hundreds came;
The Chestnuts, Oaks and Maples,
And leaves by every name.
The anneline spread a carpet,
And everything was grand,
Miss Weather led the dancing,
Professor Wind the band.

The Oaks in crimson dreased,
The lovely Misses Maple.
In scarlet looked their best,
All balanced to their partners,
And gayly fluttered by,
The sight was like a rainbow,
New fallen from the sky.

As they balanced all around.
Selected by CARRIE A LEIBIGER.
AE Reservoir St.

Emma Hopkina, Barton Heights, Va. BIRD PAINT BOOK CONTESTANTS

Gregory, Brownie Hannon, Helen Haskins, F. G. Jenks, M. Luck, W. T. Metz, Maggie Penri

Neville, Marie O'Rork, Rosa Peale, Mary La Rabineau, J. Rosenberg, Cittle Reynolds, Bessie Siern, Ira Taylor, Veronica Wilson, John R.

Evans, Al., Fox. J. J., Fox. Kate M. Gregory, Berkely, Gary, Caleb H. Griggs, Geo. I. Gant, W. A. H. into a tower of great renown?

2. What pronoun is never here?

4. Which of the Presidents of the United States was called upon to clothe the members of his Cabinet?

5. Which of the Presidents might be expected to divide the county?

Barton Heights, Va. into a tower of great renown?

Each of the following sentences is answered by the name of a writer:

1. Hompbacked, but not deformed?

2. In watching a house burn, what three writers would you mention?

3. A resort for animals where there is

no water.

4. Agitate a weapon?

5. At the head of a large church?

6. Who was the poet who was never considered short?

7. When chewing a tough piece of beef, what writer would you mention?

8. Something worn on the head?

K. B. BLAKE.

Retreat, city.

What cities in the following States sug-

2 To what city in Pennsylvania should inwyers go? I To what city in Indiana should jew-

fumers go? 6. To what city in Minnesota should arglery go?
7. To what city in Missouri should plumbers co?
8. To what city in New York should far-

By ROBERT W. ALLEN, Jr.

OF THREE "Come, grandma," says our maid of

"Come, grandma," says our maid of three.

"Play I, was you, and you was me; I'll climb right up in your big chair, And read the paper like you, there! I've got your spees upon my nose. Now I must see the news. I spose." I was as meek as meek could be, And played I was a maid of three. I danced my doll and played with toys. "Hush, child! you're making too much noise." I cannot read;" sald she to me, (For she was I, and I was she). And then I thought I'd try the elf; I "played" that I had flurt myself, And crief for "pepmints that were kept," Up in the room where grandma slept. "I'll get 'emi," said our maid of three—(For she was 'grandma." I was she). When she came back, the little maid. The paper gone, the "specs" mislaid). Was sticky to her finger tips. A roguish smile played 'round her lips, "I've changed my mind," to me, said she,

OCTOBER'S PARTY.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,

Then in the shady hollows.

At hide and seek they played;
The party closed at sundown.
But everybody stayed.
Professor Wind played louder,
They flew along the ground,
And then the party ended.
As they balanced all around.
Selected by CALBER A. LEIME.